

Continuing
"The Golden Age
of Boxing,"
W. H. MILLIER to-day
talks of

BOXING FREAKS — BUT THEY BEAT THE WORLD

MANY of the great champions of the past have been abnormal in some way, and a quite formidable list of freaks could be made if one wished to show that it is necessary for a champion to be abnormal in order to become an outstanding performer in the ring. That, however, would serve no purpose, because it would be incorrect.

Peter Jackson was well-proportioned, and there was nothing freakish about him, either physically or mentally. Jack Johnson was also splendidly built. His fine physique was capped by brains, and there was nothing abnormal in his make-up.

To take the most accomplished boxer I ever saw, namely, Jim Driscoll, here was the most commonplace figure of all. He would have been lost in any crowd, and the only thing at all noticeable about him was his ever-ready smile and cheery disposition. No, there was certainly nothing freakish with Driscoll.

The fact that there has been something freakish about many of the ring's most outstanding figures has had its effect in making some people think that it is essential to have some physical abnormality, but this is not true.

Bob Fitzsimmons was able to win the world's heavy-weight championship when he was no more than a middle-weight in poundage. This was because his build was inclined to be freakish. Above his waistline he was a big heavy-weight in build, but below the waist he was abnormally small. His legs were mere spindles. He carried the weight exactly where it was required for boxing.

THE IDEAL TYPE.

In height, Fitzsimmons was a mere quarter of an inch below six feet, so that he was tall enough for anything. He had enormous shoulders and powerful arms, developed no doubt largely by his early employment as a blacksmith's striker. Bob was a blacksmith and farrier when he first met Jem Mace in New Zealand, and we may well believe that Mace was readily attracted by the peculiar build of the lanky Cornishman.

If one could breed a boxer to a definite type, as breeders evolve particular classes in horses and cattle, the aim would be to produce just such a specimen as Fitzsimmons.

His strength and hitting power were tremendous; his skill was superb, and he was as fast on his feet as a light-weight. No ordinary middle-weight could hope to compete on level terms with him because of his abnormal build, quite apart from his exceptional skill.

With all these advantages, Fitzsimmons never neglected his training. He cunningly allowed stories of his lackadaisical methods of working to "leak" out from time to time, in order to hoodwink the opponent he was preparing to meet, and many a heavy-weight has been a sadder, if wiser, man afterwards for building too much on the carefully disseminated tales of Fitzsimmons and his easy way of training.

It can be taken as a truism of the ring that a well-trained pug can beat an untrained champion, and in due course I may give a number of instances in which this has been proved in painful fashion for the champion.

Of course, one can always quote an exception to prove almost every rule made by man. One such was that other great boxer, Young Griffo, who was so uncannily clever with his fists that he was regarded as a freak.

He is one of the rare instances of a boxer being able to dispense with training, and at the same time consume an inordinate quantity of fiery liquor, and still not put either a foot or a fist wrong in the ring.

Griffo was not a physical freak in the sense that Fitzsimmons was, although he must have been amazingly strong for his size to have the stamina to carry him through a long-distance contest at the bewildering speed at which he used to box.

ENIGMA GRIFFO.

Really good judges of the game in America said that Griffo was the speediest and most perplexing boxer to have fought in the United States, which is saying a lot, since American boxers in the lighter divisions have never been slow by any means. To gain a real idea of his skill you had to talk to the men who had the heart-breaking task of boxing against him.

They would tell you that his wonderful head-work (it was never in the right place to hit), his impenetrable defence, dazzling feints, rapid two-handed hits from all unexpected angles, put him in a class by himself.

Yet with all these remarkable attributes Griffo played ducks and drakes with his life when at the peak of his fame.

There is the story of his fight with Ike Weir, a famous light-weight who won a big reputation in the United States.

Weir was also remarkably clever in his way, and he was known as the Belfast Spider.

Griffo was matched to box Weir at Chicago in a contest that had attracted more than ordinary interest. On the afternoon of the fight the Australian just vanished, and his friends were unable to find him. Directly the promoter heard the alarming news he was perturbed at the prospect of being compelled to call off the show, and sought the aid of the police in finding the missing boxer.

About four o'clock a couple of plain-clothes men found him leaning against the bar of a low dive, as drunk as anyone could be, and utterly oblivious to time, responsibility, or anything else.

When the "D's" deposited their dilapidated heap in the promoter's office, that impresario didn't know whether to feel pleased or sorry that the police had succeeded in their search; but he had a brain-wave, and calling to a couple of his henchmen, he told them to take the unconscious Griffo to the Turkish baths. There they worked like Trojans on the Australian boxer. They boiled him and baked him alternately, and kept him close-heeled until it was time for him to take his place in the ring.

By that time Griffo was sufficiently sober to be able to distinguish the referee from his opponent, but the whisper soon went round that the Australian was in no condition to fight. Bets were hedged and odds were laid against Griffo that never could have been thought possible in other circumstances.

The wise guys had a shock when the fight started. Griffo, despite all his dissipation, had lost none of his speed, none of his uncanny skill, and his stamina was unimpaired. In short, he gave Weir the father and mother of a thrashing, and made everyone present marvel afresh at the powers of this wonder from Australia.

There has been only one Griffo, and as he certainly was in a class by himself, his procedure is not to be recommended in the making of a champion!

Another of the notable champions who was something of a physical freak was Joe Walcott, a Barbadoes black, who won the world's welter-weight title in 1901. Walcott was the antithesis of Fitzsimmons in physique. He was only 5ft. 1½in. high, and weighed no more than 10st. 5lbs., yet he would take on and defeat in his prime any 6ft. heavy-weight who was foolish enough to fight him.

Short and squat, with enormous shoulders, minus any neck noticeable as such, his woolly-covered head broke many a good man's knuckles as well as his heart. The bigger his opponents, the better he liked them, and he was always seen to better advantage against a much bigger man.

CUT TOO FINE.

It was only when his manager, Tom O'Rourke, made the big mistake of making a match for Walcott at a weight which left him a mere shadow of himself that this negro wonder was



A warm smile from mother for O.S. Carl and Robert Hemsley

"THE day my two boys come home there is going to be such a party at 58 Goods Station Road," Mrs. Hemsley told us, so there's a good time coming for you two, Carl and Robert.

The first thing that struck us on entering your home in Tunbridge Wells were the two black-and-white sketches of you at the age of eighteen months, drawn by father. Also on the walls are several very well-done water-colours of Disney characters. Your Pinocchio is excellent, Carl.

Everyone at home is very well and very busy. Your father is carrying on the business of a friend for a while, and mother is coping with his affairs and her own domestic matters.

A telegram arrived from Sweden on your mother's birthday. Needless to say, she was more than delighted.

The station-master calls most weeks to enquire after you, Robert, and Johnnie, from the Post Office, takes news of you, Carl, to your old colleagues. John, too, is making plans for that big day they have in store for you, and Arthur Lambert will no doubt want to be in on it. He's doing fine, by the way, and calls at your home most Sundays.

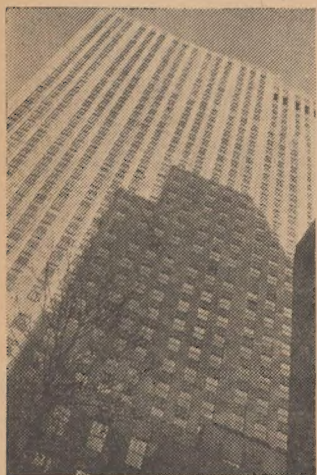
Winnie, your cousin, was very thrilled to hear from you, Robert. She has already replied.

Your mother sends all her love to you both.

beaten by a lighter opponent, unique and certainly a wonder. His best weight was 10st. 5lbs., in his way.

Some people have referred to Sam Langford as a freak, but which was outside the light-weight limit of 9st. 9lbs. by a long chalk, but O'Rourke thought it would be fine if there was a slight similarity to Walcott in build, but he was much bigger. Langford's lack of inches was accentuated by his enormous shoulders and deep chest. He appeared to be almost as broad as he was tall, and, like so many negroes, he had exceptionally long arms.

But in all else he was perfectly normal, and his boxing was strictly orthodox. This was where his long arms served him well. He could land punishing blows at long range on much taller rivals whilst he himself was out of striking distance. Langford at his best was one of the wonders of the ring, but it would not be right to include him in the category of boxing freaks.



This Skyscraper walked clean off the map!

Says RONALD GARTH

some 900 square yards, had completely disappeared!

During the night the citizens had been awakened by a muffled roar. It was the opinion of many that an earthquake was the cause of the mysterious disappearance.

But the townsfolk soon changed their ideas when it was revealed that in the streets leading to the building six people had been found, early that morning, unconscious and sandbagged.

Recovering in the local hospital, they had no light to shed on the mystery. Four were people hurrying home from late parties. Two were police officers. They told an exactly uniform story of being struck down by an unseen force.

Meanwhile, the hard-packed clay where the skyscraper had stood was closely examined by the municipal authorities. Excavations were made to a depth of twenty feet, but there were no traces of any foundations. Could the trade union men

have been responsible? When the skyscraper was in the course of construction, trade union men had been dismissed for questioning the boss's policy.

One theory is that the dismissed men deliberately conspired to burrow beneath the foundations of the skyscraper and drop it into a great subterranean cave overnight. They had covered their traces with earth which had stood ready, and sandbagged innocent wanderers.

But this idea seems utterly fantastic. The only explanation which can solve the problem is hypnotism. Were the townsfolk hypnotised into thinking there had been a skyscraper? If so, the citizens of Dyersville had been duped in a big way.

We shall never know the truth. For although a total of £3,000 was offered as a reward, and many theories have been put forward, no one has yet succeeded in solving the riddle.

IMAGINE the amazement of a landlubber going to work and finding his factory or office had entirely vanished — vanished without trace of fire or blitz-leaving nothing behind but a derelict patch of ground with a few tin cans and empty bottles.

You'd probably rub your eyes and refuse to believe it. That's what the citizens of the American town of Dyersville, Tennessee, did on September 11, thirty years ago! For Dyersville's largest skyscraper, a 16-storey building occupying ground space of

"Merciful God! What a horrible revenge!"

"I WILL tell you how Vaudrey had his throat cut," said Father Brown quietly to the barber.

"When Mr. Dalmon stepped inside your outer shop, he asked for some cigarettes that were in the window. You stepped outside, as shopmen often do, to make sure what he meant."

"And—in that moment of time, he saw in the inner room the razor you had just laid down and the yellow-white hair of Sir Arthur in the barber's chair; it took but an instant for him to pick up the razor and cut the throat and come back to the counter. The victim would not even be alarmed at the razor and the hand. He died smiling at his own thoughts. And what thoughts!"

"It was done so quietly and quickly that Mr. Smith here could have sworn in court that the two were together all the time."

"You had quarrelled with your landlord about rent; you came back into your shop to find your enemy murdered in your own chair, and with your own razor. It was not unnatural that you despaired of clearing yourself, cleaned the floor, threw the corpse into the river at night, in a potato sack, rather loosely tied. Oh! There's no longer need for you to be frightened."

And Father Brown passed placidly through the outer

MIXED DOUBLES

Two words meaning the same thing ("comic" and "funny," for instance) are jumbled in phrase (a); and two words with opposite meanings (e.g., "past" and "future") are mixed in phrase (b).

- (a) DRY TO SCALE.
(b) FILMED ERIC.

(Answers on Page 3.)

WANGLING WORDS—129

1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after ONOCLAST, to make a word.

2.—Rearrange the letters of EVE'S GRAND, to make a town.

3.—Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: FREE into KICK, WASH into BOWL, BODY into BELT, SLOW into WORM.

4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CONSERVATIVE?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 128

- 1.—EDGED.
- 2.—LITTLEHAMPTON.
- 3.—PLANE, PLANS, CLANS, CRANS, CRASS, CRESS, TRESS, TREES, BOOK, COOK, CORK, CORM, WORM, SMILE, SMITE, SPITE, SPIRE, SPORE, SNORE, LAMBS, LAMPS, CAMPS, CARPS, CARES, TARES, TARTS, WARTS, WAITS, WAILS, TAILS.
- 4.—Some, More, Roam, Lash, Cash, Lyre, Mare, Ream, Meal, Lame, Race, Rose, Sore, Male, Char, Lose, Sole, Clay, Clam, Ache, Each, Acre, Year, etc.

- Rhyme, Cream, Charm, March, Chose, Shale, Leash, Roach, Reach, Close, Loach, Holes, Moles, Coals, Larch, Shore, etc.

THE VANISHING OF VAUDREY

By G. K. CHESTERTON

shop, followed by the wondering Smith, and leaving staring behind the barber, stunned and staring.

The priest was like a man staring down into an abyss. "Merciful God," he said, "what a horrible revenge!" He thought for a while, and then said, as if talking to himself:

"What a horrible tale of hatred! What a vengeance for one mortal worm to take on

"What!" exclaimed the secretary. "A man creeps up and cuts another man's throat and you call it self-defence!"

"I do not call it justifiable self-defence," replied Father Brown. "I only say many a man would defend himself against an appalling calamity or crime."

"You assume," said the priest, "that the poor man was blackmailing the rich. But—

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



Good heavens! Only two. Now, if the whole family of badgers had been there we would have called them a Down, Cete, Lepe, Skulk, or perhaps a litter of them. Which? Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 172: Gene Tierney.

another! God save us from this pride; but I cannot make any picture in my mind but one of hate and vengeance."

"Yes," said Smith hastily, "but if Dalmon was a blackmailer, it would seem more natural for Vaudrey to kill him. As you say, the throat-cutting business was horrible—but . . ."

Father Brown started and blinked like a man awakened from sleep.

"Oh," he corrected hastily, "I wasn't thinking about that! I didn't mean the murder in the barber's shop. I was thinking of a much more horrible tale. More horrible because it was nearly an act of self-defence."

the rich man was blackmailing the poor!"

"Impossible!" said Smith.

"Nothing like it," answered Father Brown. "Half of modern politics consists of rich men blackmailing the poor. There is not only avarice here, but vengeance."

"But why against Dalmon?" asked the secretary.

"It wasn't on John Dalmon that Vaudrey planned vengeance," replied the priest gravely.

They walked on in silence.

"You remember," Father Brown went on, "seeing Vaudrey's face upside-down? An artist is apt to turn the picture the wrong way up if he wants to see it the right way up. I tell you, you had got used to seeing the face of a fiend."

"I speak in parables," Father Brown went on. "I may have to. Sir Arthur had a mind like a physical body on which wounds will not heal. He had a feverish vigilance of vanity—insanity, maybe."

"Vaudrey turned all that to poisonous pride. Every scratch festered. You see? That is the meaning of throwing the Egyptian diplomat into the pig-sty years after the insult. Vaudrey remembered that for years and years. And, when he came near a pig-sty, with the Egyptian in his power, he took what he thought was the artistic revenge. Oh, my God, that is how he liked it!"

A sort of vague horror began to dawn in Evan's eyes.

"A girl, little more than a child," continued the priest, "insulted him; refused to marry him. And that vain man, proud man, madman, said in the hell of his heart, 'She shall marry a murderer!'"

They took the road towards the great house.

"Vaudrey was in the position to blackmail Dalmon, who had committed a murder long ago," said Father Brown.

"Probably it was a wild murder, with some redeeming features; for the wildest crimes are never the worst. And Dalmon is a man who knows remorse, even for killing Vaudrey. But Dalmon was in Vaudrey's power—and between them they entrapped the girl into an engagement. But Dalmon did not know—perhaps the Devil did not know—what was in that vain old man's mind."

"Then, a few days ago, Dalmon discovered the truth—the dreadful truth. He came upon certain notes in Vaudrey's library. They told of preparations for giving information to the police."

"He stood stunned—and no wonder. The moment he was married to the girl the bridegroom would be arrested—and, of course,

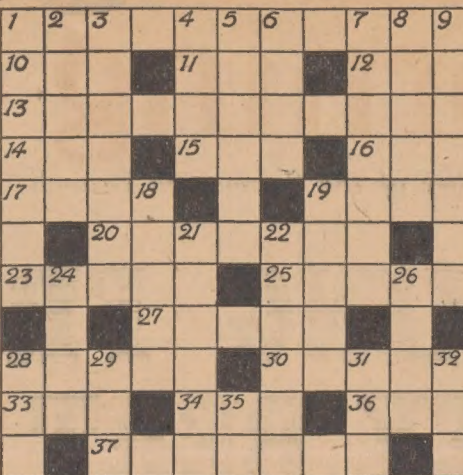
ALLIED PORTS

Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

My first is in COMMONS, and not in LORDS.
My second's in SABRES, but not in SWORDS.
My third is in DEADWEIGHT, and not in DRAFT.
My fourth is in LIGHTERS, and not in CRAFT.
My fifth is in NEWSPAPER, not in PRESS.
My sixth is in VICTUALS, but not in MESS.
My next's not in PROFIT, but in RAKE-OFF.
My eighth is in LANDFALL, not in TAKE-OFF.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Standing fair.
- 10 Affliction.
- 11 Despoil.
- 13 Established custom.
- 14 Interval.
- 15 Obtain.
- 16 Limited.
- 17 Fluent.
- 19 Besides.
- 20 Timber support.
- 23 Dull.
- 25 Travels by train.
- 27 Man-servant.
- 28 Storage pits.
- 30 Round fruit.
- 33 Fuss.
- 34 Fish.
- 36 Drink.
- 37 Wild duck.

SCOPE FLIRT
PALAVER DAW
UNITE IRENE
R V NAG AGE
TEAM FILLET
X ABODE R
TASTER TOSH
IMP LED F O
DIANA ASTER
ANT YORKERS
LEEDS TINGE

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Drank.
- 2 Of musical pitch.
- 3 Space for rest.
- 4 Conceited one.
- 5 Big inn.
- 6 Border upon.
- 7 Broiled.
- 8 Islets.
- 9 Submits.
- 18 Cheer.
- 19 Pick.
- 21 Obliterated.
- 22 Threefold.
- 24 Incursion.
- 26 Peer.
- 28 Utter.
- 29 Humble.
- 31 Doubled.
- 32 Tree.
- 35 For instance.

WIT SHARPENER

Two local mothers and their daughters each had a living husband. Together they had three husbands. How was this possible?

Solution on Page 3.

hanged. So the fastidious girl, who had refused a husband who had been to prison, should have no husband, save one on a gallows. That is what Vaudrey thought an artistic revenge. You see?"

Both were shaken, the priest, the secretary, with their own private apocalypse.

Then Smith spoke. "All my hatred of poor Dalmon is gone," he said.

THE END

From "The Secret of Father Brown."

By G. K. Chesterton.

(By permission of Mrs. G. K. Chesterton.)

ODD CORNER

WHEN the Loch Ness monster was reported in 1934 and thousands of people travelled up to Scotland to get a glimpse of this fabled extinct creature, the "Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung" cashed in on the rumour with an elaborate hoax. Under the headlines, "Captured at Last! Loch Ness Monster brought to Edinburgh," they printed fake photographs of a beast 100 feet long, "with a 25-foot tail, and weighing 36 tons," being caught in a huge steel net. Two tugboats waited to head the monster back to land should it make a dash for freedom, and another picture showed the creature being exhibited in Edinburgh. The date of this hoax was April the First.

QUIZ for today

1. The largest lake in Great Britain is—Windermere, Bala, Derwentwater, Loch Lomond, Loch Katrine?
2. Who wrote (a) "The Bigelow Papers," (b) "The Yellow-plush Papers"?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Folkestone, Dover, Hartlepool, Grimsby, Cardiff, London?
4. What is the plural of eisteddfod?
5. Who said, "Filthy lucre"?
6. What is the speed of a hard penalty kick at football?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Galantine, Groggram, Hygeine, Irrevocable, Lusent, Obtundi?
8. How many words are there in the Bible?
9. Who is Sir Toby Belch?
10. Correct: "I am the ruler of my fate, I am the captain of my soul." Who wrote it?
11. James Watt invented the steam engine in 1761, 1771, 1781, 1791, 1801?
12. What is meant by Sursum corda?

Answer to Quiz in No. 172

1. Light carriage.
2. (a) N. Hawthorne, (b) Dickens.
3. Ebony will not float; the others will.
4. Liverpudlian.
5. Job.
6. 18.
7. Cumberbund, Flamingo.
8. 7.
9. Character in Shakespeare's "Hamlet."
10. "Of parting day." Thomas Gray.
11. 1534.
12. Where are you going?

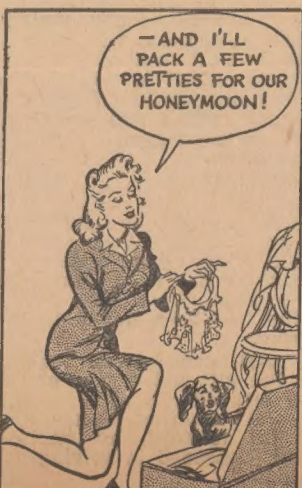
SKYLARK
WAGTAIL
JACKDAW
SPARROW
SWALLOW

Answer to Dickie Bird Puzzle in No. 172.

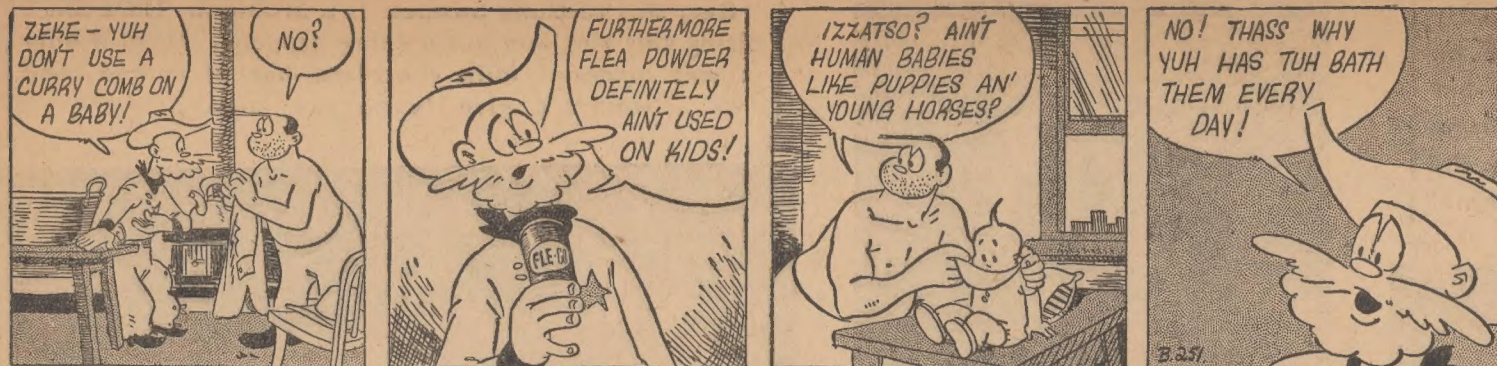
? ? ? ?

THE average age of five cousins was 15. If their ages were listed with the eldest at the top and the youngest at the bottom, the drop in age would be one year less each time. The eldest was three times as old as the youngest-but-one; the eldest-but-one was four times as old as the youngest.

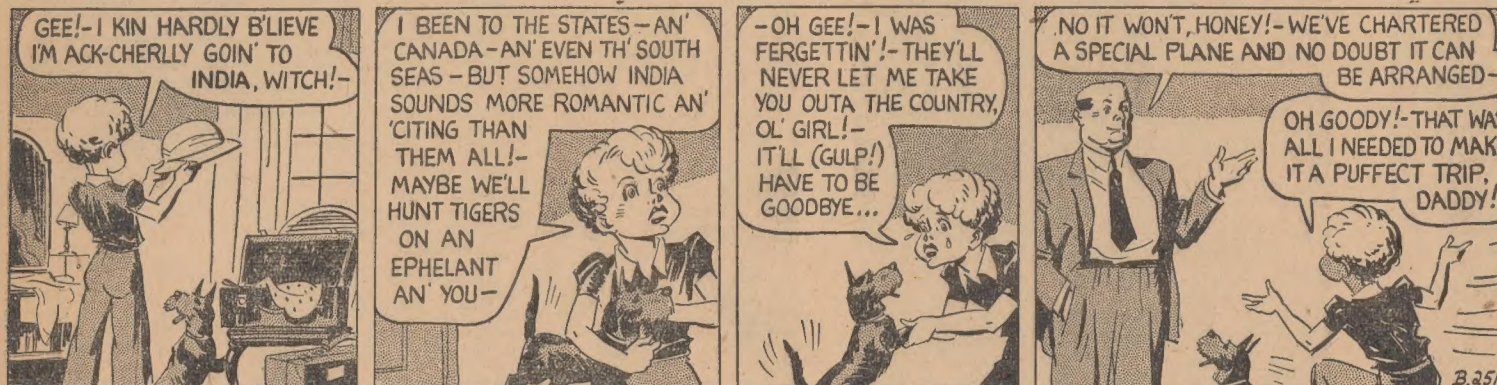
What were their ages?
(Answer on Page 3)



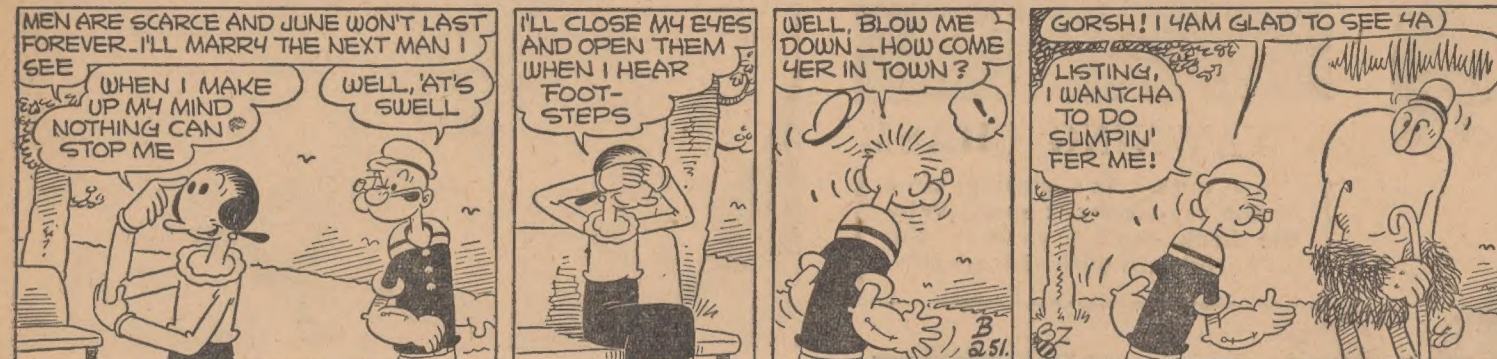
BEELZEBUB JONES



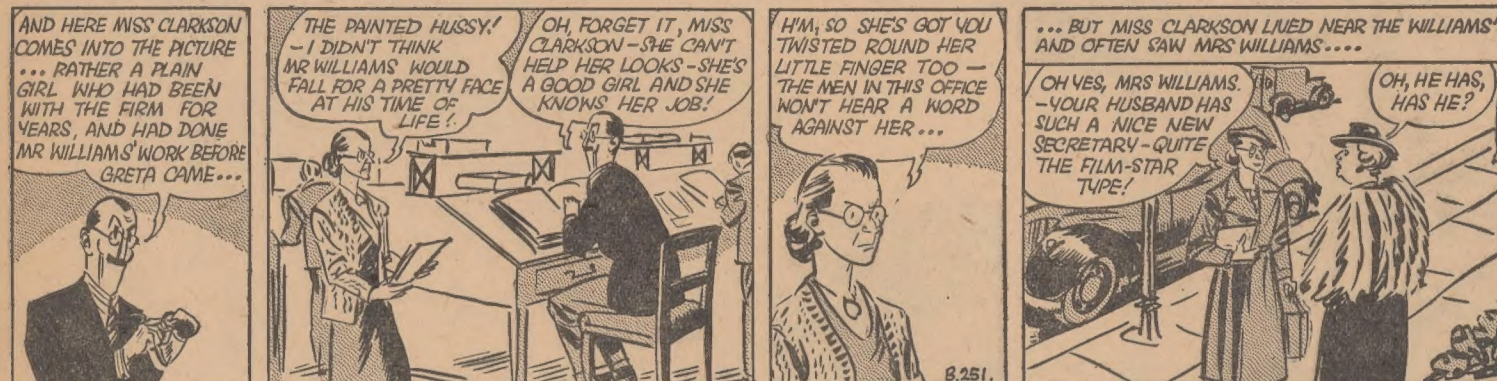
BELINDA



POPEYE



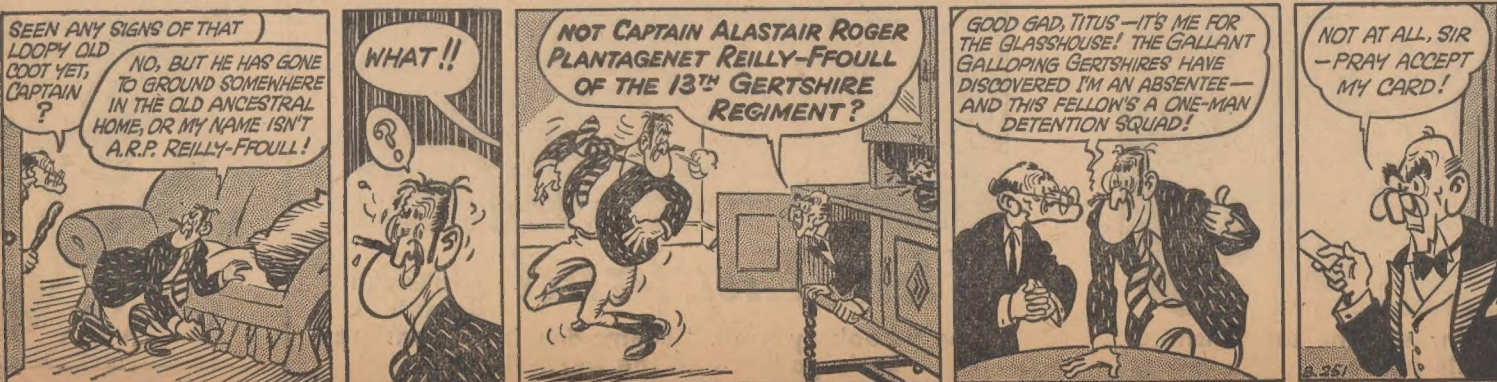
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



News from Nowhere

By ODO DREW

HITLER SEES RED LIGHT.

TO those who can read between the lines, the most heartening news of the week is that Hitler has become President of the German Society of Model Locomotive Engineers.

It will be remembered how, in the early days of Fascist power, Britishers were thrilled by the news that Italian railway trains were running to time, and it was felt that Mussolini was doing a good job of work. Also, how the fact that the late King Boris would drive a railway engine whenever he got the chance, at once raised him to a height of popularity unattained by any other foreign royalty.

Hitler's advisers feel, no doubt, that his latest step is bound to raise doubts in the minds of even his bitterest opponents as to whether he can be so black as he is painted. Or, in other words, is any man who loves railway engines wholly bad?

DRAKE'S DRUMS.

A WIDELY signed petition has been forwarded to the Prime Minister, protesting against the use, by a dance band, of Drake's Drums. Public opinion, it is stated, has been deeply incensed that these instruments, which might be required at any moment to fulfil their original purpose of "drumming up the Channel," should be displayed in a suburban Palais de Danse.

A DASTARDLY PLOT.

SCOTLAND YARD announces that an arrest has been made in connection with the dastardly plot to blow up the House of Commons. Superintendent Peeler, one of the Big Five, discovered a man acting in a suspicious manner with a lighted torch among barrels of gunpowder in one of the cellars underneath the House. With characteristic promptitude he took him into custody. It is understood that the arrested man, a Fascist named Guido Fawkes, will be brought up at Bow Street later in the day.

PROPAGANDA.

THERE has lately been an increase in the number of newspapers produced by the M.O.I. dealing with Allied post-war plans. They are distributed by aeroplane all over the world. The newest ones go to deaf and dumb Dervishes, bandy-legged Bermudans, bald Basutos, blind Bolivians, and senile Syrians. The special needs of various trades have not been neglected, and a monthly sheet for Lampedusan laundresses is in preparation.

EVENING CLASSES.

THERE is a great boom in evening classes, and a wide variety of subjects is being taught. Young and old alike show much enthusiasm, as is instanced by the results of the recent L.C.C. examination at Streatham. The first prize for embroidery went to a 22-year-old bank clerk, Montague Moneypenny. Mrs. Hardie Evergreen, an 80-year-old grandmother, was first in carpentry (furniture making section).

HE WON'T GET AROUND SO MUCH.

THE lecture-tour arranged in the United States for Ronald (I Get Around) Richards has been cancelled. It was discovered that, owing to a mistake on the part of his agent, the American dates clashed with a long-standing engagement of Richards' to attend the autumn school of the Windmill Theatre Mothers' Help and Fireside-Loving Girls' Club. When the error was discovered, I-Get-Around, determined not to disappoint his girl fans, promptly cabled New York that he would be unable to leave this country.

CIVILIAN COMFORTS FUND.

IT is gratifying to know that, not only are the Services aware of the increasing hardships so nobly borne by civilians, but that this feeling of sympathy has led to active help. In a letter to the Editor of "Good Morning" the Secretary of the "Comforts for Civvies" Fund states that he is appealing to all three Services to do whatever they can to provide civilians with gifts. In expressing his thanks to Odo Drew for consenting to act as hon. treas., he states that all gifts in money, and all wines, spirits and tobacco, should be sent to Odo, post paid.

Answers to Puzzles on page 2.

Mixed Doubles.

- (a) DEAR & COSTLY.
(b) MILD & FIERCE.

Allied Ports
NEWHAVEN

WIT SHARPENER

The women were: Grand-mother, mother and daughter.

Numerical

27	7
20	6
14	5
9	4
5	

75 ... an average of 15.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"I'm not exactly looking down on you* old chap, but even at Crufts you're not in the same class as I am."



A YAWNING CHASM

"Aw nuts. It's closing time at the sea-elephant pool. Why the heck can't I yawn? I'm bored stiff with visitors."

"Gee, this teething business is a problem. Here am I biting this ring and not a thing happens. Now, if only it was made of milk chocolate—but of course they wouldn't give it to me then."



SOTHERN BELLE



Yes it's M.G.M. Star, Ann Sothorn, enjoying the sunshine at her Beverly Hills home



This England

Looks chilly doesn't it? Even "Rookery Nook" seems devoid of comfort. Let's go home to the warm fireside.

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

